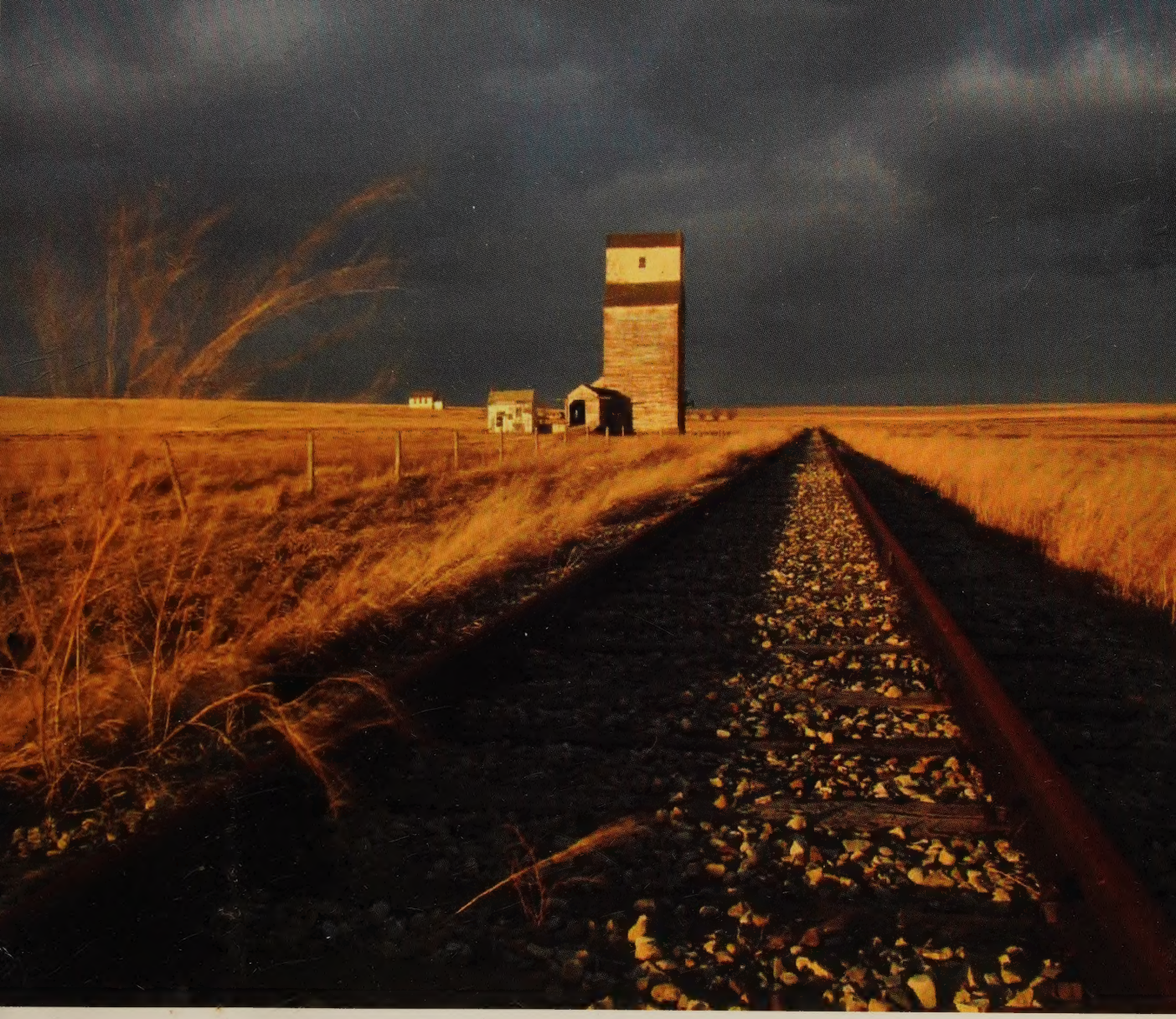

In the footsteps of Columbus

Annie Jump Cannon 1863-1941

In the footsteps of Columbus

Annie Jump Cannon 1863-1941

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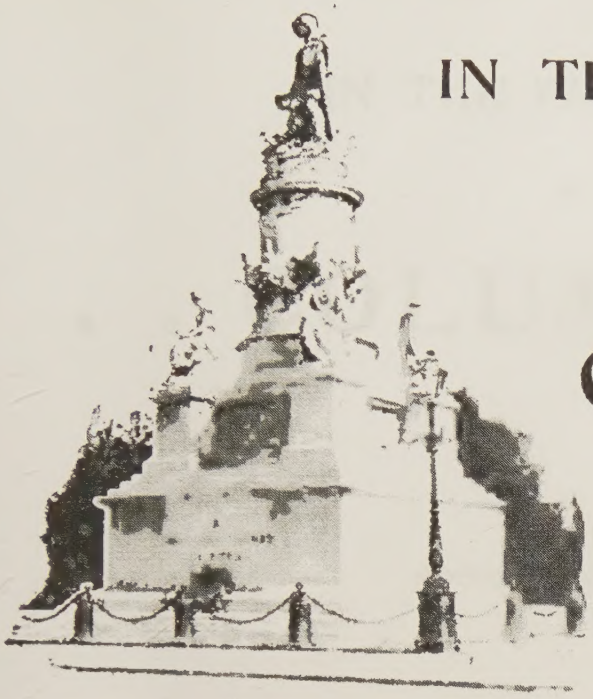


IN THE FOOTSTEPS

= = OF = =

COLUMBUS.

BY

ANNIE J. CANNON.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS

OF

. . COLUMBUS. . .

BY

ANNIE J. CANNON.

BOSTON.
1893.

Copyrighted, 1893.
ANNIE J CANNON.

Gift
[illegible] J. [illegible]
10 Ja 1907

To My Travelling Companion

From The Hub,

Who, though a stranger when we sailed away from New York, soon captured me by her taking ways,
And developed a great fondness for old Ocean,
Who never failed to catch a train, being capable of lightning speed,
Who, though I seldom timed her, could also take things slowly —
My interpreter, enabling me to obtain the views of all nations,
My scribe, enrolling a picturesque and accurate account of our journey —
A creature of light and sunshine,
Ever a most attractive representative of America,
Who, though the object of many an ardently pressed suit,
Gave always a clear negative in reply,

MY KAMARET,

This little book is affectionately dedicated in the hope that it may be of service in proclaiming her good qualities throughout the length and breadth of Columbia!

COURT OF ORANGES, SEVILLE.

In The Footsteps of Columbus.

Another custom house!

I had taken my Kamaret into many lands, and trembled on every frontier lest the six spools of films should be exposed to light. I had twisted the one phrase, *camera photographic*, by means of accents and terminations, into nearly all the languages of Europe. Accustomed, therefore, to pantomime rather than speech, when the representative of Uncle Sam on the Red Star pier at Jersey City gazed curiously at my box, I merely turned back the cover of the case, and displayed "The Blair Camera Co., Manufacturers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A."

"When do you expect to go again?" was almost the first question I heard.

"Immediately," I replied.

Not with spreading sail, or the puffing of a mighty engine, not over the rushing waters of the great deep. My second transatlantic journey was taken in the familiar household pantry, in former days given over to ginger cakes and mince-meat pies, but now, in the evolution of science, completely usurped by mysterious-looking bottles, a large, starch-box lantern with its

Polyphemus-eye of ruby fabric, and all the bundles of touch-nots, handle-nots, that make up an amateur's dark-room.

It was the 21st of October — Columbus Day — when I gave a negative to callers, locked the door of the larder and started again through that country which, if it did not give birth to the discoverer of America, resounded for many years to his footsteps, and, at last, gave him the means of starting on that most wondrous voyage.

O España, home of the Cid, of Isabella the Catholic, of Columbus, thou hast charms no other land possesses! Thy Castilian valleys weave poetry into the plainest soul. Thy Andalusian mountains breathe romance and song into the very spirit. I am not an artist, but thy splendid sun has painted on my Blair films scenes more truthful than brush or pencil could portray. I am not a poet, but my Kamaret photographs sing thy praise better than song or sonnet.

From the moment of entering Spain, the Kamaret seemed to be a passport to the good-will and kindly interest of the people. The first custom-house officer, to be sure, examined it doubtfully. I had been told that a camera in Spain would give me endless trouble.

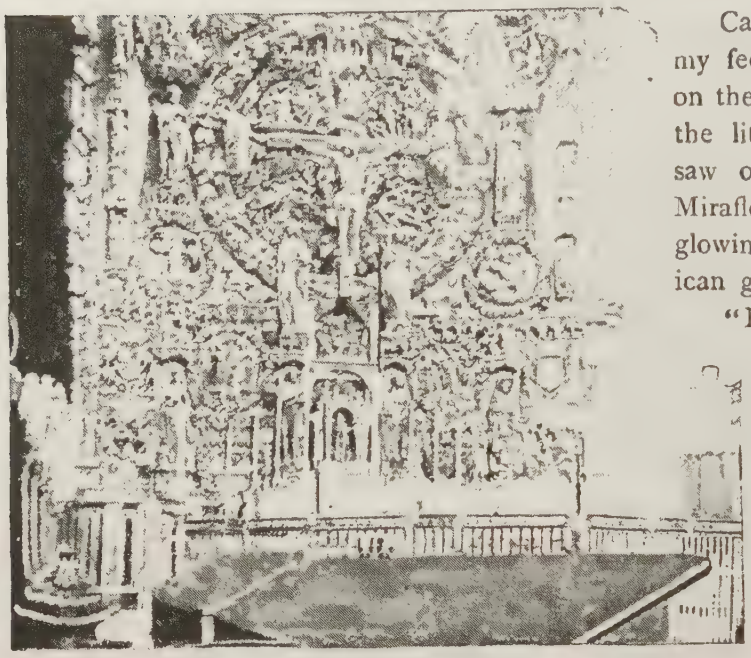
"Camera fotographica," I murmured.

My Spanish may have been at fault, for I know not even now what they call them, but it answered the purpose. The gallant officer smiled rather apologetically and chalked the box.

Subjects for snap-shots now presented themselves on every side, and, though I had not thought of taking many interiors, the temptation to try one came early in the journey.

From Burgos we made an excursion to the ancient convent, Miraflores, where Isabella the Catholic erected magnificent marble tombs over the remains of her parents. We were admitted by a monk in a picturesque, white serge costume; and, in the chapel, a large robust brother was sweeping up the floor. In response to a question we addressed him, he replied that if we were strangers he could talk with us. We said, indeed we were, for we had come from America. At the word America, he became interested and uncovered the high altar adorned, as he said, with the first gold brought into Spain from the New World. It is, perhaps, the most elaborate and ornate retable on the Peninsula, covered with figures of saints and apostles, kings and queens, a mass of gold and carvings.

A determination to bring home a picture of that altar seized me. But I had no tripod, and it was necessary to rest the Kamaret on something to make a time-exposure. There was absolutely nothing in the chapel except the priests' stalls. Should I venture? At worst, I could but spoil a film. So, while the monk conversed in a whisper on the other side of the chapel with my friend, I placed the Kamaret on the arm of a priest's chair, arranged the shutter, and made a three minutes' exposure.



Can you not imagine my feelings of joy when, on the second journey, in the little dark closet, I saw once more the old Miraflores and the altar glowing with our own American gold?

"Plaza del Pacifico" is the little sign hanging in front of our hotel at Sevilla; at least, so says the Kamaret, and she cannot tell a lie.

Our hotels and our guides, if we liked them, were always honored by the Kamaret's attentions. These little things that go so far to make up the personal element of a journey are often

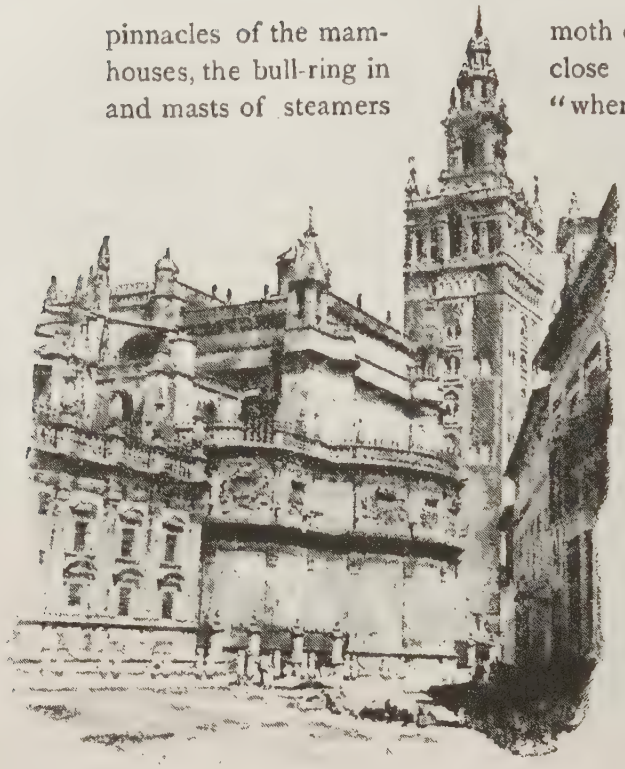
"FAIR SEVILLE CITY."

more prized than pictures of towers and cathedrals that can be bought in any shop. So it is that I look with pleasure again and again upon our comfortable home in the Place of Peace, and upon the honest face of our Sevillian guide, Alphonse. By no one, indeed, were the Kamaret's attentions more fully reciprocated than by Alphonse, who completely upset all my good resolutions that no one should ever carry my camera. But, fellow-camerists, I found few as gallant and trustworthy as Alphonse, and rejoiced that it was not necessary with a Kamaret, so light, so compact, so handy, that I carried it many miles without fatigue over hill and dale, and even climbed rugged Vesuvius with it in hand.

In the great Cathedral of Sevilla is the tomb of Fernando, son and biographer of Columbus. It is marked by a simple slab in the floor, bearing rude cuts of the caravels in which Columbus sailed, and the motto which was afterwards incorporated in the arms of the family,—

"To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world."

From the Cathedral, let us pass through the Court of Oranges to the Giralda, where for centuries the muezzin's cry summoned the faithful to prayer, the world's tower of grace and beauty. From the top of the Giralda, I took a random shot with my Kamaret focused at 100. Over the flying buttresses and



pinnacles of the mam-
houses, the bull-ring in
and masts of steamers

moth cathedral lay the fair city, a mass of white close proximity, and farther away, bridges "where Guadalquivir's waters flow."

Descending the Giralda, we walked through a doorway containing a time-worn image of the Virgin, before which, Alphonse said, Columbus on his way to Palos prostrated himself with a prayer for his mighty undertaking; we stepped under a chain on which a curious lad seated himself to watch me as I caught, with a click of the button, the path trodden on such a momentous occasion by the discoverer of my own country; we passed into a Moorish palace! What words can convey any idea of the tracery of these walls, of the gardens, and baths, and balconies? But the score of pictures

MOORISH GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR.

I took in that Alcázar are an ever-present reminder of its beauties and its delights.

"It was at Córdova,
In the Cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain."

A beautiful, high-born, Spanish maiden threatened with a hated alliance, had fled for comfort to the open door of the sanctuary. Stopping for a few moments to rest under the fragrant oranges, her tearful eyes beneath the lace mantilla, her sad figure, robed in black, stood out in strange contrast to the brilliant scene around.

A cavalier, entering by the tower gate on his way to the Cathedral to pray, one who was ever attracted towards the sorrowful, approached, discovering the cause of her sorrow, finding a near kinswoman of his most influential Córdovan friend, winning a believing soul and loving companion.

Such is the legend of the first acquaintance of Christopher Columbus and Beatrice Enriquez, the mother of his son Fernando.

I found no weeping Spanish ladies in this *patio*, but I did see a group of people around the Moorish fountain, as pleasant of feature as Dons and Duennas. A tourist is not as common in Spain as in other European countries,

and the good-natured people approached, probably as much out of curiosity to see me, a girl with a hat on and umbrella raised, as to see the queer-looking box I carried. And I was equally curious to look upon them, especially as they were reflected in the faithful finder of my Kamaret. I have seen the people of Belgium and France, of Italy and Germany, but never have I met such pleasant faces and kindly smiles as among these Spaniards.

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF CÓRDOVA.

O, Mosque of Córdova! I love you not more for your thousand alabaster columns, for your mosaics and carvings, for your marbles and lanterns, than for the water-carriers who gave such a welcome that day to the stranger within your gates.

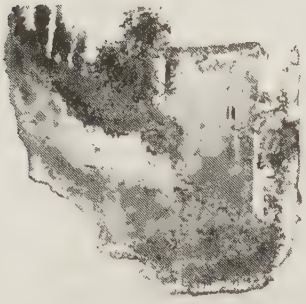
The Cathedral is the only well-preserved remains of a Mohammedan house of prayer in Spain, the sole remnant of the three thousand mosques of Moorish Córdova. I wandered long through its aisles and chapels before I attempted a picture, doubting the possibility of securing one because of the numerous workmen and worshippers walking around.

At last, I opened the shutter for a time-exposure. Footsteps immediately resounded in every direction while I stood, watch in hand, thinking minutes never were so long as in the Mosque of Córdova at this particular hour. But half the time I had expected to give it was over, when the steady coming of a young Spaniard to see my apparatus caused me to pull up the button and close the shutter. Now I am filled with gratitude to the unknown lad whose natural curiosity saved my picture from a ruinous over-exposure. Indeed, I never saw a negative develop more evenly and harmoniously than this, timed two minutes and a half in the uncertain light of an immense Cathedral.

The Mecca of all Spanish tourists is the Alhambra, and there is no more fascinating place in the world for an amateur photographer. We wandered,

undisturbed, my Kamaret and I, through this enchanted palace, gathering spoils of its pillars, which the Arab poet sung of as "brought from Eden"; its garden, "the garden of Paradise"; its walls, "of hewn jewels"; its courts of "petrified flowers," and its ceilings of "transparent crystal."

As we stood on the Torre de la Vela, with the Vermilion Towers before us and the magnificent Vega at our feet, we could not but give a sigh to the



fainthearted Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings. But a greater hero of the Alhambra to us than Boabdil is Columbus. I like to think that the old, crumbling palace has some association not only with a past empire and a lost race, but with this progressive age and my own country. For no place is more closely connected with the trials and triumphs of Columbus than this very Alhambra. It was the Moorish war that absorbed the thoughts and drained the treasury of Isabella during all the long years in which the navigator had sought her favor. How could the queen be expected to give serious consideration to the plans of an obscure, visionary Genoese to plant the cross on distant, unknown shores when the crescent waved in triumph over her own Andalusia? How to feel much interest in wresting the Holy Sepulchre from the hated infidel when the fairest part of her own sunny land was given over to the worship of Allah?

Upon the successful termination of this brilliant war, Columbus was summoned from La Rabida to appear before the queen. He arrived in time to see the departure of Boabdil and the gorgeous celebration by which the Spaniards took possession of the Alhambra. His own eyes, he says in his letters, watched the silver cross as it rose for the first time slowly and securely upon the ruddy tower. A silent looker-on, probably jeered at as the importunate applicant for court favors, as a harebrained Italian enthusiast, must have been this "Stranger of the Threadbare Cloak," this white-haired man of fifty-seven, wandering through the Court of the Lions, or past the vine-clad towers with the burden of an undiscovered world on his shoulders.

Once more he was doomed to disappointment, as severe and galling as ever met a human soul. It was eighteen years since he first announced his scheme, long, anxious years of weary waiting that had —

> "Worn his eager spirit
> As the salt waves wear the stone."

The coveted prize was within his grasp. Juan Perez, the learned prior of La Rabida, had faith in his plan. Quintanilla, the queen's treasurer, was his friend. But the advisers of the crafty Ferdinand would not accede to Columbus' terms. The Italian wool-carder's son to have Don prefixed to his name

and be made equal to the Grandees of Spain who had mustered armies to drive out the Moslem, and whose ancestors dated back to the Cid Campeador! Such arrogant proposals were rejected with scorn. Turning his back upon the glowing Alhambra, and the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevadas, the disheartened applicant started across the Vega for the Frankish kingdom. He had reached the little Bridge of Pinos, about six miles from Granada, when he was recalled by a messenger from the repentant queen, who at this time is reported to have said, "I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds."

Few places can be found that have changed as little in the last four hundred years as Pinos. As I stood there on that very bridge last summer, amid the mediæval scenes of Spanish country life, amid so much that has been the same for ages,

COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

it was easier to realize the past than the present. The very antiquity of the place would make us believe we were living at the time of the Conquest of Granada, and had witnessed the going forth of the melancholy Moors, and were merely dreaming, like the one who went before us, of the land of golden progress we had left across the seas.

If Columbus had carried a Kamaret that eventful day when he approached Pinos, probably the same pictures would have developed on his films as I now have on mine. Dark-faced women carrying bottles of water, or donkeys with four huge water bottles strapped to them, going then, as now, over the Bridge of Pinos!

It was a mystery to them, that box I gazed into so earnestly. The men stopped their donkeys, the women put down their water bottles, the children gathered in crowds. O, ye honest Pinos friends, could you but see yourselves as I caught you that fair day, and the donkeys that serve you so faithfully; the mill by your stream, the houses you live in, and the old historic bridgeway; could you but know that I have brought you all back to America with me, you would think me a Moorish magician returned to the sunny Andalusia!

At the Alhambra I discovered a novel way to arrange a new roll of film. I usually replaced an exposed film at night by means of a pocket lantern, indispensable to a tourist-photographer. Or, if demands were greater than

anticipated and a film gave out in the daytime, I sought out a gallery, where, I am glad to say, the photographers were uniformly polite. One of them evinced great curiosity concerning the roll of film, the like of which, he said, he had never seen before. I think he must have been extremely doubtful about its efficiency, also, for in this land of feeing, he refused to accept any remuneration for his dark-room. I write this as a memorial of him. May he live forever!

At the Alhambra, however, I had neither lighted my lantern, nor visited a studio. I merely covered myself with a large shawl, and in such a dark-room slipped out the old, and arranged a new spool with almost as little trouble as plates are changed.

Is there a star propitious for travellers? If so, we must have set out under its benign influence, for by unknown good fortune, we reached Genoa on the Columbus fête day, the four hundredth anniversary of his departure from the port of Palos. It was as if the proud Sea City would make amends for the former neglect of her most famous son. The Dorias, the Brignoles, and all the haughty Dukes of Genoa faded into insignificance before the accumulated glory with which four centuries have crowned this humble lad of the Vico di Morcenti. In his honor palaces were festooned, bells were pealing, the whole city was garlanded. Every Genoese guide and driver, enthusiastic in his Columbus worship, was a veritable Mark Twain's "Ferguson."

PIAZZA DE ACQUAVERDI, GENOA.

The monument was our first halting place. At the top is a statue of the discoverer, leaning on an anchor, with an allegorical figure of America at his feet. The pedestal is adorned with ship's prows, surrounded by four large figures, Wisdom, Science, Geography, and Religion. On the lower part, the principal events of Columbus' life are cut in bas-relief.

At the Municipal Palace are the autograph letters of Columbus and the famous Venetian mosaic. He looks like a man in the prime of life, with large, striking features, a strong face that must have carried great power when convinced of any truth. Opposite Columbus, hangs Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, whose marvellous tales fired the mind of every imaginative, seaboard lad of the fifteenth century, and whose gold-washed, sapphire-studded Isle of the Inde, Columbus set out to reach.

My Columbianism went even further than our Genoese driver's, for I insisted upon finding the house where Columbus lived and probably was born. "The Vico di Morcenti," said our shrewd *cocchiere*, "is too narrow to drive into, it has no palaces or gardens, and, altogether, I do not think you would care to go into such an out-of-the-way place." I assured him that those were the very places I wished especially to see, and were much more interesting than a succession of marble palaces.

I would not exchange a visit to the Doria Palace for that journey into the

Vico di Morcenti, driving through alleys where I shuddered lest we meet another vehicle; walking where even our own carriage could not gain admission, past the little homes whose every window presents something for sale; gathering after us, one by one, a company of curious people in fête-day dress; listening to the shrill cries of the small fruit and household-ware venders; stopping, at last, where there is a plate on the door stating in Latin that "no house is more worthy of title, for here lived the parents of Christopher Columbus and here he passed his youthful days."

But the most attractive part of Genoa this fête-day was her seacoast. The old historic harbor that so many times has echoed to the war cry of "San Gorgio," the blue bay so exquisite that Genoa is said to stand continually on tiptoe to gaze upon it, was arrayed in a gorgeous holiday attire, crowded with ships and war-vessels with flaunting streamers and waving flags of all nations. The water itself sparkled like gems in honor of this Son of the Sea, as if to tell us that here he received the first inspiration for his future, here he gathered from

incoming mariners some dim ideas of the earth's rotundity, here he dreamed of the marble palaces of Kublai Khan, and the pearly seas of Prester John.

Thus, a wanderer from that fabled Atlantis, that golden Ophir, that far Cathay, that El Dorado of a New World, far greater now, O Columbus, than thy highest flights of imagination could have pictured, thus she has delighted to walk in thy footsteps, and recall the toils and labors, the glories and triumphs, of thee, Admiral of the Sea of Darkness, who first caught the dim, shadowy outline of this vast continent, —

"The land of the free
And the home of the brave."

ANNIE J. CANNON.

NOTE. — A complete description of the Kamaret may be obtained by writing The Blair Camera Company, 471 Tremont Street, Boston, 451 Broadway, New York, or 245 State Street, Chicago. This company also manufactures the celebrated "Hawkeye" and "Folding Hawkeye" Cameras, as well as the "Columbus," "The 400," and other popular patterns.

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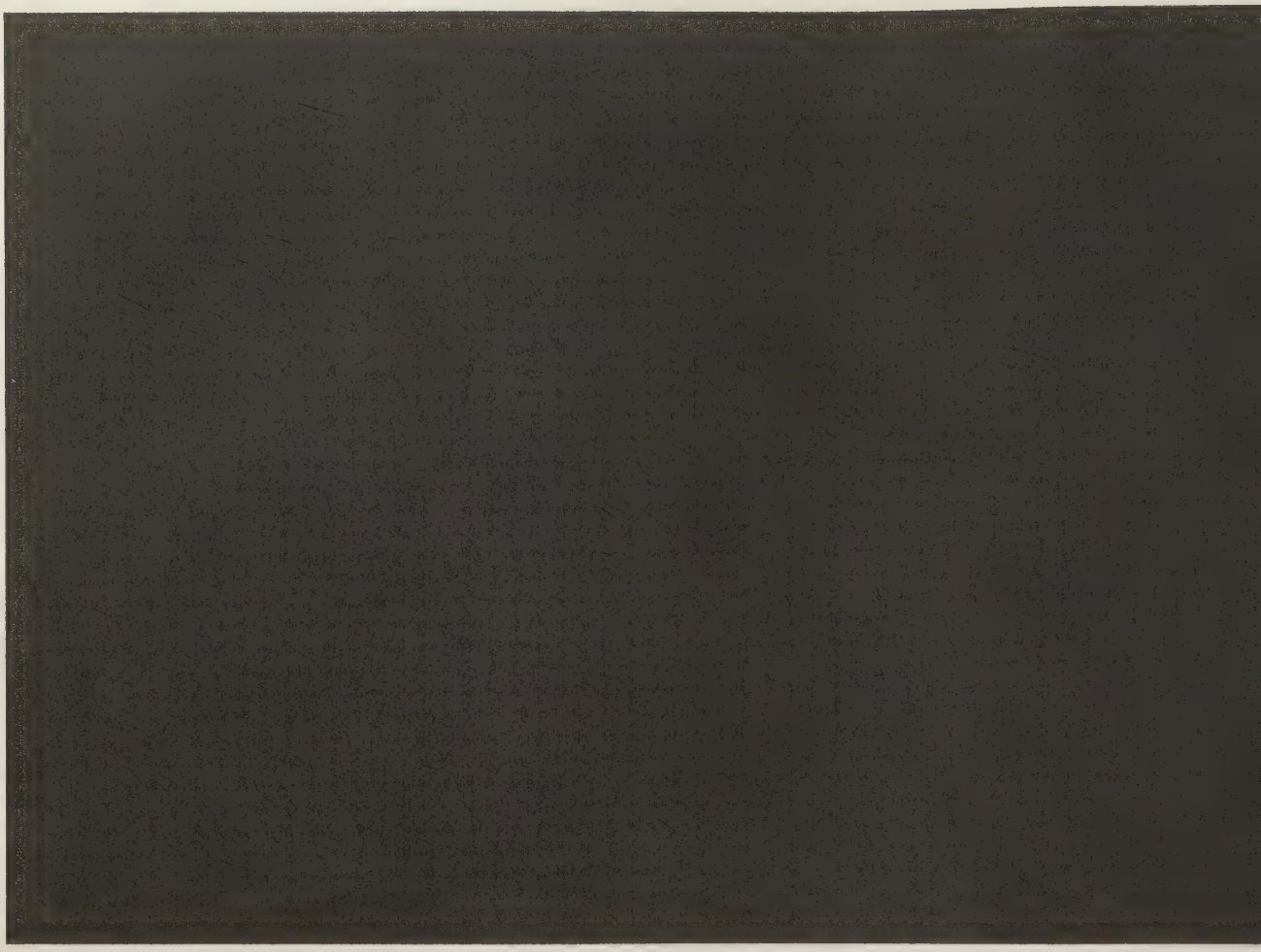

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